Red Eyes

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Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom, Bedelia Du Maurier, Garrett Jacob Hobbs, Abel Gideon, Abigail Hobbs, Nicholas Boyle, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Will Graham's Father
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Red Eyes

by PrivatePurgatory

Summary

"You are saying you see a ravenous, murderous creature inside of Will Graham? Because that is what you are. That is what we both are."

Hannibal looked at her directly in the eyes, and said, "That is exactly what I see in Will Graham."

AN ~~ I honestly have no idea when the sequel to this will be out. Everything is really jumbled at the moment. I have it written on paper but I haven't found the time to type it. I know I said sometime early or mid 2017 but now I'm unsure... I apologize. For now this series is on Hiatus. Maybe during the summer I will find time but at the moment I can't. I hope you understand.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Nicholas Boyle wasn't aware of the water seeping into his boots as he ran through the snow. All he knew was that he had to get away from the man he didn't know. He needed to try and save himself.

Flash Back

Nick walked into the convenience store, heading straight for the register. He was eyed by the cashier, but didn't pay her any attention as he looked behind her for Camels brand of cigarettes. When he saw them, he asked for one pack.

The cashier rolled her eyes, "ID please."

Nick grumbled silently, and took his ID out to prove he was eighteen.

"Nicholas Boyle." She stated, turning around to get what he requested. "Where have I heard that name?"

"Um, I go to Baltimore High. I'm a senior there." She turned back around with the cigarettes. He looked at where her name tag lay in between her breasts. "Abigail Hobbs. Little sister of Garret?"

She smiled. "You've got that right. I'm a junior." She scanned the cigarettes, and sighed. "You know, smokings bad for you."

Nick smirked at that, "Well, Abigail, we've all got our addictions."

"I guess so."

Nick then bid his goodbye, and exited the store. He only lived a few short blocks away from the store, so he could easily get there by 11:30. Even in the blizzard. It gave him time to smoke. He stopped at a crosswalk, and lit one up. He was about to start walking again when he suddenly felt eyes on him. Boring into his skull. Analyzing him.

He turned around and saw a man standing right behind him, no older than twenty. The man had dirty blond hair pulled back out of his face, and was very tall. He was just staring at him, not even flinching when Nick noticed him. Just watching intently. Nick frowned, and turned back around. He walked away quickly, blowing out a puff of smoke before dropping the cigarette. He didn't turn around to see if the man was following him.

That was how it remained until he got to the street his apartment was on. He was only a few feet away when he felt something grab him, and practically throw him back to the middle of the road.

Nick yelled in agony, landing all his weight on to his left knee, and scraping it in the process. Slush was now seeping through the fabric of his clothes, making him cold and wet. He pushed himself up, trying not to whimper in pain. He looked to where he was standing less then thirty seconds ago, and there was no one there.

He started limping to his apartment. He was scared, hurt, cold, and he felt his fingers going numb. His phone was also wet and ruined. He was only a few feet away, he could make it.

He had jinxed himself when he thought that, because once again, he got physically hurt. He was pushed against a brick wall, hard. He felt something crack in his right side, and cried out.

"Help!" He didn't know much of what was happening right now, all he knew was that he was being attacked, probably by the man at the crosswalk. "Help me! Please! Someone help!"

"No one is going to help you, Nick. Seeing as how it is 11:33 at night and nobody is around." Nick turned to see the man. Nick knew he was causing this. The man looked sinister, pale, dark. Nick wasn't positive, but from what he could tell, the mans eyes looked blood red.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Nock sobbed helplessly.

The man grinned, showing his teeth, which looked sharpened. "Well, since you've asked so nicely, I'm somewhat hungry, and its only us out here."

More tears streamed down Nick's face, and he realized that he had been crying. The man noticed, and smirked. "Tears aren't going to help you, young one." The accent was strong. "Though I could give you a head start. I love to play with my food." The mans grin was evil, cold, heartless...

Nick stood, and started limping to anywhere safe. He, once again, made a beeline for his apartment building. He should have known he wasn't gonna make it. He felt the man grip his throat from behind, and whisper in his ear, "You're not playing by the rules, Nick."

He picked him up, still holding his throat, even more tightly, and threwhim down against the cement of the sidewalk. He then grabbed the hoodie part of Nicks coat, and proceeded to pull him through the snow. He dumped him off somewhere, Nick had his eyes closed, fading to unconsciousness every now and then. So when he opened his eyes, the surroundings were unfamiliar.

The man was no where to be seen, leaving Nick to his own devices. He stood, or tried to. His left leg hurt from his fall earlier, and his right leg was almost, if not, completely numb. It also didn't help that his head was pounding, and his ribs were most likely cracked.

He immediately fell over.

He whimpered in pain and defeat. Maybe he should just let the cold take over, let the man get what he wanted. Nick couldn't care anymore, it was obvious he had lost.

Or he could keep trying. He once again, stood up. This time he made it without falling. He started slowly limping out from wherever he was. He reminded himself of the way the stereotypical zombie walked.

He looked around, gasping in pain every now and then. It looked like he was in some sort of narrow tunnel, or a small alley. He eventually made his way out of it, praying the man didn't

come back, even though he knew he would. After all, he was only playing with his "food" right now.

He didn't know how far he was from home, and he wouldn't be getting there anytime soon with his limp.

The road was surrounded by woods. Nick knew the man was hiding in there somewhere, watching his every movement. He growled, and continued forward. He wasn't going to give up. Not yet.

Flashback Ends

And thats where he was right now. He could barely feel his feet now. Suddenly he heard trees snap, and something land behind him. He tried to limp at least a little bit faster, but his cracked rib, and knee weren't letting him do such things. He was pushed on to the ground.

"Nick, I can't help but feel like you're asking yourself 'why? Why is this happening to me?' Well the simple version is, which I have already given you, but I'll give it again incase you didn't understand the first time, I am the predator as you are the prey. You are the lamb to the slaughter. You are the blood to the vampire." He showed his teeth again, still looking sharp.

Nick gaped, and realized what was happening. He always thought this stuff happened in horror movies. Or the vampires at least sparkled in the sunlight, never this nightmare fuel.

He was about to be drank by from a vampire. What a shitty way to die. That was when the mans lips grazed his throat. He closed his neck off as much as he could, and asked, "How do you know my name?"

"I was in the same store as you were when you were buying your cigarettes. I may have overheard some conversation."

The vampire bit down, hard. So much for trying to survive, he thought sarcastically. He whimpered, feeling the hot blood from his neck burn his ice cold skin. He felt himself go limp, and closed his eyes.

Well, he tried...

"I would like to thank everyone who is able to attend this assembly today for the mourning of the death of senior Nicholas Boyle. He passed away at 3:06 am. We currently cannot give more information, but would like to give a moment of silence for the loss of one of our best swimmers."

Will Graham closed his eyes, and leaned his head back in his chair. He didn't even know this kid, but he did feel bad. All he knew before this assembly was that Nicholas Boyle was a senior. He had never associated with him in his life. Apparently he was on the swim team.

Will suddenly felt eyes boring into the back of his head. He flinched internally, and turned to see who it was. Garret Jacob Hobbs, and Abel Gideon. Why was he not surprised? Will

scoffed at them. Didn't they have anything better to do with their time, like fuck eachother? Why did they have to torture him everyday?

When the assembly was over, everyone pushed their way out of the small doors. Will eventually made it back to class without having to run into Hobbs or Gideon. Right now, Will was in English. Hobbs or Gideon weren't in this class, either. He took a seat next a kid named Brian Zeller, who was chatting with another kid named Jimmy Price. He overheard their conversation, "Its really sudden, you know?" Zeller asked Price.

"I bet you fifteen dollars that it was a murder." Price replied. Will scoffed silently in disbelief. Were those two really making a bet on Nicholas's death? Wow.

"You're on." Zeller replied.

The rest of the day went by slowly, and eerily. Knowing that someone was dead was pretty hard to process. It was nearing the last period, which Will despised, gym. Its not that he disliked physical activity (he did to a degree), but he disliked who was in his class, Hobbs and Gideon. He wished that just once the teachers would actually care for well-being. The only one who did was Alana Bloom, but she wasn't even a teacher. She was a counselor.

The new unit they were on was swimming. How convenient. December was normally when they started this unit so, it wasn't unusual.

His gym teacher, Mr. Crawford, was a very... Get things done, no bullshit, kind of guy. He was also nice, but only when he chose to be. Will respected him.

He was running to gym, he wanted to avoid Hobbs and Gideon as much as possible, and wanted to be changed into his swim trunks before either of them entered the locker room.

Will was just about changed when they entered. Hobbs smirked at him, then went to his own locker. Gideon did the same. Will shook his head and headed into the pool room. He decided he would sit out on the bleachers until Mr. Crawford was out. He closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of chlorine. His head was starting to ache. He hated the swimming unit, he always felt more exposed and vulnerable in swim trunks. Plus it was more for Hobbs and Gideon to make fun of him for.

A little more time passed before all his classmates, and Mr. Crawford came out with his clipboard. "Okay boys, come line up on the black line over here." Will quickly stood, heading over to where everyone else was.

He really should have been more careful.

Will slipped, and landed face first on to the tiles next to the pool. His head slammed against the hard surface. He groaned, and to make matters worse, everyone was laughing at his stupidity. He felt light headed as he stood up, and didn't change as he was immediately pushed into the pool. He couldn't breathe, and was sinking. He started struggling against the water, but was suddenly pulled out.

When he was at the surface, he coughed and squinted his eyes before opening them. He saw Mr. Crawford was the one to have pulled him up. He was saying something, Will could only hear it faintly.

"Are you okay, Graham?" Was what he heard. Will shook his head, which was throbbing from his slip, not to mention, the headache he still had.

He saw Mr. Crawford shake his head, and then glare angrily at Gideon, "Why the hell would you push him in, Gideon? He just fell!" Gideon was about to answer, probably another fake excuse, when Mr. Crawford held his hand up. "I don't want to hear it. You have after school detention with me. And detention with me is never fun. Now, I want you to go to Principal Chilton's office for class." When Gideon made no move to leave, Mr. Crawford raised his voice, "What did I just say? GO!" Gideon flinched, gave Will an evil glare, then left.

Mr. Crawford them turned to Will with concerned eyes. "Would you like to go to the nurses, Will?" Will nodded, and stood up. He saw the teacher write him a pass for him to go to the nurse. As the pass was handed to him, he noticed Hobbs glaring angrily at him.

Will gulped.

"I'll be calling Chilton's office to see if Gideon actually went or not. If he didn't he'll be in here with me for a week." Mr. Crawford muttered.

Will nodded, then headed to the locker room. He at least needed to get changed first before he went about walking in the halls. He also needed to dry off, at least a little.

Will grabbed a fluffy, white towel, and wrapped it around his body, finding no warmth or comfort in it. He sighed, and walked to his locker, but was suddenly interrupted.

"Its always because of you me and Hobbs get in trouble. You're the reason I'm in fucking detention with Crawford." Gideon was pulling his hair, and it was not pleasant. It was quite annoying to be honest. "Always gotta make life a living hell for us two. This is why no one fucking likes you, Graham." He let go of Will's hair, but once again, pushed him down.

Will gasped in pain, his head hurting worse. Gideon stood over him, put his bare foot on Wills back, and pushed down. "You're such a fucking bitch, Graham. Can never stand or speak up for yourself. Always let us beat you. Why? Do you like it? Are you that much of a bitch?" Gideon laughed, and pushed down harder.

Will decided to do exactly what Gideon said, and speak. "You know, Crawford said he was gonna call Chilton. And if you weren't there, then you'd be in detention with him for a week."

Gideon cursed, and Will smirked. That caused the bully to scoff, "Wipe that fucking smirk off your face, twat." He then got off of Will, and left the locker room in his trunks and with no shoes on. Will sat up, and held his head.

Today was not his day.

After the final bell rang, Will sat up from the nurses bed, and sighed. He would just wait out the crowd of kids before going to his own locker. When he did, he was sure to look out for Hobbs or Gideon, but if Gideon was smart he would already be in detention with Mr. Crawford. Hobbs on the other hand....

Will got his things without any problem. Today was a very shitty day. Hopefully his dad wasn't home to make things worse for him. On his walk home he noticed the police were knocking on peoples doors. This was obviously about Nicholas. Will just hoped they didn't all him over to interrogate him.

He saw the officers leave the house when no one answered. He stilled when one of them eyed him, but neither bothered to confront him. They entered their car, and drove to the next neighborhood. Will proceeded to his home.

His home was part of an apartment complex. There was a small courtyard in the middle, and in the courtyard was a playground for children. Thing was there were no children in the complex, haven't been for eight months now.

His apartment number was 20. He unlocked it, and entered. It smelled like booze and cigarette smoke. Will's stomach turned. He sighed and dropped his coat from his arms. It didn't look like his father was home, but he's been wrong before.

Will flopped down onto his couch, and sighed. He felt his shoulders relax, and felt his head start to throb only a little bit less.

Progress.

He closed his eyes and prayed he didn't get nightmares while he slept.

He awoke to the slamming of a door, and muttered curse words. He rolled his eyes, but his stomach turned slightly. His father was home. He sat up, and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. He looked to his wall clock, 7:49 pm.

"Will?" He heard his fathers voice call to him.

Will cleared his throat. "Yes?"

His father entered the living room, and looked him over. "What happened?"

"What?"

"What happened to your head? You've got a big bruise." He pointed to the side of Will's head.

Will blushed. It must have formed while he was sleeping. "I, uh.. I slipped during gym. And then I got pushed down again."

His father smirked at him. "Its probably because you're such a pussy. Who pushed you down."

Will didn't answer, just sighed. His father clicked his tongue, and stood. "I'm heading out. I'll be back late. You better be in bed when I get back." He turned around, and walked through the doorway, only for Will to hear him call out, "See you later, faggot."

Will rolled his eyes. He was glad his father was in a particularly good mood tonight. It meant he didn't have to get a slap to the face for being clumsy.

Will decided to get some fresh air. He didn't need his coat for it, just a sweater. He honestly could care less about freezing at this point.

He went out to the playground, feeling the 30 degree temperature hit him like a freight train. He then noticed someone was sitting on the swing, just staring at the moon. He moved closer to the person, realizing it was a man. Maybe 19, or 20. The man was facing him, so, in the moonlight, Will could slightly make out his features. He was very handsome, one could argue beautiful. Will lowered his eyes to the mans broad chest, admiring, then lower, and lower...

"Hello."

Will startled out of his trance, shaking his head. "Um, hi..." Will was panicking slightly. He wasn't good socially, especially with attractive people, who may or may not have noticed his gawking.

"What is your name?" The man asked him. Will quickly took note of the accent.

"I'm, um.. I'm Will Graham."

The man smiled. "I'm Hannibal. Hannibal Lecter."

It was silent for a few moments, Will wondered if the ma- Hannibal could hear his heart pounding.

"Are you a sophomore?" Hannibal asked.

Will scratched the back of his neck. "No, I'm a junior."

"How is that going for you?"

Alright. Ok. Will could handle small talk. "I've had better. But I'm already half way through it, so.."

Hannibal nodded. "The glass is half full, not half empty."

Will chuckled, his heart fluttering. "Easy for you to say. We just had someone die at our school."

Hannibal gave him a look of shock. "Oh? How tragic."

Will furrowed his brows. "You didn't hear about it? Its been on the news since 6 this morning."

Hannibal shook his head. "We just moved in here today, actually. And we do not own a TV."

Will nodded. "Well, I didn't know him, all I knew was that he was a senior and his name was Nicholas Boyle."

There was something that flashed in Hannibal's eyes. Will couldn't pinpoint what, exactly.

There was a pause, and Will stood there awkwardly. He didn't know how to keep up a conversation, let alone with an attractive man who seemed to want to get to know him. Will couldn't help but admire the man. He really was stunning. Will also took notice the mans eyes, which looked black in the moonlight.

"Would you like to sit down, Will?" And god, that accent...

"Uh, yeah. Sure." Will took the swing next to Hannibal. His fingers were numb, and he couldn't move his toes. He put his fingers in the big front pocket of his sweater, hoping to warm them, and he shivered.

Hannibal took notice of this. "Would you like my coat?"

Will's heart stuttered, then started beating faster. "But y-you might get cold.." He told the man.

Hannibal smiled a small smile at him. "Some of us do not need coats, Will. Some of us have adapted to the cold." He took his coat off, and handed it to Will. Will took it gratefully. He could smell the man on the coat. He smelled like woods, winter, and something else Will couldn't identify. He put the coat on, feeling warmer already, and not from the coat.

"Why did you move here?" Will asked curiously, snuggling into the mans coat.

Hannibal sighed. "Our old town got to the point where it couldn't... Fit our needs anymore.."

"Who's "our"?"

"My sister, Bedelia."

Will nodded, then smiled. "Well, I hope you enjoy it here. We don't get too many new residents, now days..."

Hannibal looked at him right in the eye, and said, "I think I'll enjoy it here, alot."

Will shivered, and not from the cold.

"Do you go to school?" He asked.

Hannibal shook his head. "I am nineteen, I have... Graduated from school. I do not attend college.

"Oh..." Will couldn't help the disappointment in his voice. He wished Hannibal would go to his school, so he could have at least one friend...

All was silent for a while. Hannibal decided to break the silence. "Tomorrow is supposed to be the full moon."

"Exciting." Will didn't mean to sound sarcastic.

"Will you come out here with me tomorrow night to observe it?"

Will, taken aback, asked, "You want me to watch the moon with you?"

"Yes. You seem like you need it."

Will chuckled, though he could argue that he didn't exactly need it. But hey, an attractive man asking to do something date-like with him? He sure as hell wasn't gonna say no.

"Sure."

Hannibal watched the young man leave, purposefully forgetting to ask for his coat back. He most certainly didn't need it.

Will was a fine young man, Hannibal thought. He'd learned Will didn't have many friends, only a woman named Alana. Apparently she was the schools counselor.

Hannibal and him had agreed to meet again here tomorrow, around the same time, because they were now friends. Will was interesting. And Hannibal couldn't wait to get a taste of his blood. He wasn't planning on killing him, that would just be rude... But maybe a bite. A bite would suffice. Hannibal had a keen nose, better than most of his kind, and Will's blood smelt delectable...

A stab of hunger ripped through him. He sighed, he hadn't eaten anything in almost twenty-four hours. He stood from the swing, and walked swiftly away from the apartment complex, and out to the street. It wasn't too late out, only maybe 10:30. He watched all of the nightwalkers scramble around, trying to get to destinations of the unknown.

Pitiful humans.

He walked for a little while, roaming the streets. Looking for someone to sink his teeth into. Problem was, most of these humans were with someone who would cause problems. If he could just find someone who was by themselves...

"And what do we have here?"

Hannibal, raising a confused eyebrow, turned around to where the feminine voice was coming from. There was a lady with red, curly hair, dressed in clothes not normally meant for winter.

"You look as fine as a diamond ring on a ring finger." She smirked flirtatiously. Perfect.

"I must say," he started, putting on his best act, "You don't look too bad yourself, miss..."

"Scarlett." She replied, biting her lip.

"Scarlett. What a beautiful name. Another word for red. Red can mean fire, fierce... The color of traditional roses, and blood." He stated, sniffing her own scent. It would have to do...

"And whats your name?" She asked, smiling nervously.

"Hannibal." He smiled right back.

She then offered him herself for the night. And what gentlemen said no to an offer like that? He knew if Bedelia was there she would stay hidden, maybe feed with him.

As they were walking, Scarlett suddenly stopped. "I'm sorry if this makes things awkward, but I must ask... How old are you?" Her voice was shaky, had caution in it, but not moving away in the slightest.

"I am nineteen." If only she knew how old he really was, maybe then she'd be more repulsed by him, just as he is of her.

She sighed in relief. They resumed walking to Hannibal's apartment. Not a word was exchanged between the two as they walked up the stairs to his apartment. By now, Scarlett had her face buried in his neck, softly nipping. Hannibal smirked at the irony.

He opened the door, immediately pushing Scarlett in, slamming it behind him.

He sniffed, Bedelia was here.

He lead Scarlett to the room he slept in. He laid her out before him on the bed. He looked into her green eyes, and immediately descended on to her lips. She backed away from him, and yanked her shirt and bra off. He mentally groaned. The sight was not exactly, what one would say, arousing, but she won't know that.

He kissed her once more, and felt her trying to claw the jacket to his suit off. He hoped she didn't damage it. "Watch the suit, its one of my best ones." Her only response was a moan, and she kissed him again.

Hannibal, quite frankly, was getting bored with the foreplay. He only wanted one thing. Even though he loved to play with his food, Scarlett's time was up.

He moved his lips from hers, and moved down her chin, and planted a small kiss upon her throat. She moaned, and put a hand on the back of his head, grinding against his thigh.

He opened his mouth then, licking along the skin of her throat, and felt his fangs emerging. He raked his fangs along the creamy white of her skin. He finally bit down, puncturing the skin. Blood flowed into his mouth. He was hoping for better.

He heard Scarlett's pleasure filled moan turn into a gasp of pain. He sensed her realizing the situation, smelt her sudden fear.

She screamed.

Or so he thought she would. But a hand cupped over her lips, silencing any noise that were to come out from this point on. Bedelia.

That was when he lost whatever self control he had left, hunger and bloodlust consuming him. He groaned as he imagined this being someone else's throat he was feeding from, someone with brown curly hair, and big blue eyes. He smiled, his lips still attached to his victim.

It was only a matter of time until, "Enough, Hannibal." He heard Bedelia's voice, and let go. He turned to the blonde, and she looked right back at him. "It is my turn to feed."

He stood, and left her to her own devices. He went to the bathroom to shower, and wash all of the blood off of his body. He now noticed that he was half hard, and he knew it wasn't Scarlett who had made him that way. He looked into the mirror, and saw his blood red eyes looking right back at him, and blood dripping down his face. He smiled in contentment.

He stepped into the cold shower, and watched the blood drip off his body and down the drain, and willed his erection to settle. Once his breath calmed down, and his erection was mostly gone, he washed his hair and whatever blood remained.

As he got out, and toweled himself off, got dressed, and he thought. He hadn't had arousing thoughts in a long time, it was like a new sensation to him. He hadn't had sex in at least a few months. And he had killed his partner after. He shook his head.

He walked out into the bedroom where Scarlett's dead body lay. He pitied her, she did only make a tolerable meal. Next time, he'll go for a brunet, maybe one with light eyes.

He felt a presence behind him, and turned around. There stood Bedelia, blood soaking her lips and cheeks, and staining her blue sweater. Her eyes, unlike his, turned a dark violet when she fed.

"You look lovely in Scarlett." Hannibal smirked evilly. He was the only one who got the joke. Bedelia smirked back, and said, "Thank you."

They moved to opposite sides of Scarlett's corpse. "You fed without me last time, so I took a good portion of your food this time." She stated, staring into the dead eyes of Scarlett.

"It is only fair."

They both picked her up, and put her in a bag. They both have done this about one hundred times now, they knew what they were doing. And if someone happened to see them, then it would be a sad day for that person. No one would be able to see inside of the bag, either.

They exited the complex, and headed out behind it. Hannibal, making sure no one saw them, took the whole bag, and started running. Earlier, Bedelia had been out searching for a good dumping place, and found a small stream that lead down deeper into the woods. That was where they were headed.

Running at his speed, Bedelia was right behind him. She then got ahead of him, leading him to the stream. They were running for a little bit more until Bedelia abruptly stopped, held out her arm to stop him also. Hannibal crouched down, and untied the bag. This way, when they set her adrift, the bag would fill with water, leaving her to sink, hopefully.

Neither said a word as they sent her away, watching her sink lower and lower, until she wad barely visible. Hannibal hadn't put her bra or shirt back on her earlier, he decided he would just burn them.

They jumped from tree to tree on their way back. Bedelia dropped to the ground when the complex was in sight. Hannibal followed her.

"We are going to have to burn the blankets, and the sheets. And quite possibly the mattress."

"I've heard saliva can get human blood out of things. We could try that."

"If you have a gallon of saliva that would be extraordinary, but even I do not think that is possible. At least not right now."

"You are right. Although it would be easier to burn it, we could perhaps wash the mattress off as best we can, and put new sheets over it."

Hannibal gave her a look of shock. "Bedelia, I am surprised at your lack of responsibility. Do you remember last time when we did not clean up well?"

"Hannibal, that police officer shouldn't have entered uninvited, especially when you and I were asleep. You cannot say you weren't happy when we killed him. You knew he deserved it."

"That was because we did not clean up properly. I am quite fond of it here, I'd rather not move just yet. And yes, it was a thrill to kill him."

"Hannibal, that was different. We cannot burn an entire mattress. And we can't throw it into the woods, they would find it. We can burn everything else, but we can't make it seem too suspicious."

"No one is going to be coming into our home, Bedelia."

"As far as you know."

It was silent for a small while, Hannibal thinking about what Bedelia said. She was right, they did not have to burn the mattress. Only he would feel better about not having to move if they got rid of all the evidence.

Hannibal didn't know why he didn't want to leave this place. Maybe it was that he saw possible friendship in one of this places residents...

"What was her name?" Bedelia asked.

"Scarlett."

She paused, then chuckled darkly. "I get it now."

His alarm went off for 5:30 am, and Will groaned. He was not looking forward to school today, especially after what happened with Hobbs, and Gideon yesterday. He stepped out of his twin bed, and on to the cold hardwood floor.

He shivered. He doesn't deserve to be up this early.

Will stretched, and careful not to wake his father, exited his room and entered the small bathroom. He took a hot shower, the warmth of the liquid raining on his skin. He rubbed his tired eyes, and washed his hair.

Once he was done, he dried off, and got dressed, he ran a pick through his wet curls, and sighed. He rubbed his eyes again, finger tips getting wet from his eyelashes.

He exited the bathroom, and looked at the clock. 5:52 am. He sighed again, still had over an hour left. He didn't want to go, but he was sure if he skipped, his father would somehow find out. And that was something he did not want to test, thank you.

He left his room, and entered the kitchen to get food. There was no sign of his father in there. He hadn't seen him since before he met Hannibal...

Will opened the swinging door that lead from the kitchen to the living room to see his father passed out on the couch. Ah ha. He had a bottle of vodka (surprise surprise) that he was drinking the night before lying on the floor next to him, and a burnt out cigarette on the carpet.

Lovely.

Will bent down to pick it up and crushed it with his thumb and pointer. His fucker of a dad could have burnt the whole complex down with his stupidity. He growled angrily, and went to go make his cereal.

More time went by, and his mind drifted to Hannibal. How attractive he looked, how nicely he was built, how he offered Will his coat when he was cold lastnight.. Shit. Will took his coat. He'd be sure to return it to him tonight as they watched the full moon together. His heart fluttered in hid chest at the thought.

No, Will wasn't gay. He was bi. He's had crushes on women (Mrs. Bloom but not recently), and some men. Hannibal being one of the more major ones... The only reason he hasn't told anyone was because he would be made fun of even more for it. No normal kid liked boys and girls. Only girls. And he most certainly didn't need his father finding out.

Soon it was time for Will to leave for school. He put his bowl that contained his cereal in the sink, and left. He looked at the playground in which he and Hannibal were at lastnight, and sighed. He anticipated tonight, probably will be the only good thing about his day. Other than the fact that he didn't have gym today.

On his walk to school, he looked behind his every few seconds, making sure Hobbs or Gideon weren't following. He never knew when they would corner him, and it was always the times he had his guard down when they did.

He got to school, still no sign of either of them. His brow furrowed in confusion. He couldn't get off easily for something like this. Granted, it wasn't even first period yet, but usually they struck at this time.

He made sure to keep his guard up. They were just waiting for him to be vulnerable. He tried to calm himself down. He was panicking. Instead of going to his locker, he went to Mrs. Bloom's office. The administrator gave him one look, and said, "Shes in her office."

He didn't say anything to her, just entered her office. Mrs. Bloom looked up from her papers she wad writing with wide eyes.

"Hi Will." She said, confused.

"Hello, Mrs. Bloom." He paused, "Is this a bad time?"

She shook her head. "Of course not. Have a seat."

Will sat down, and proceeded to tell her what happened to him yesterday. He said how Gideon pushed him into the pool, and then cornered him in the locker room, and literally stepped on him.

"Oh my god." Alana said, clearly shocked. "I heard about the pool incident, but not this." She shook her head with disgust, and proceeded to write something down.

Then she picked up the phone, and dialed in a number. She held the phone up to her ears, and started to speak. "Hello, Frederick. Yes, I have student reporting physical bullying from student Abel Gideon." Pause. "He pushed the student down, and held a foot on his back." Another pause. "Will Graham." Will looked up at the mention of his name. "N-no, Frederick, he's telling the tr- yes. You know this had happened before. Abel is always causing problems, its not new."

Will decided to speak up. "Um, actually, Gideon was supposed to be in Chilton's office for detention. Thats why he left me.. In the locker room... To go to detention... Yesterday..."

Mrs. Bloom raised her eyebrows, and to Mr. Chilton, stated, "Will tells me Abel was supposed to be in your office yesterday in ninth period." Another pause. "Never showed up? Okay." Chilton's voice got louder on the other end of the phone.

"So what do we do about him?" Mrs. Bloom cut in his rant, pinching the bridge of her nose. It was quiet on both ends of the phone, until Chilton finally said something. Mrs. Bloom sighed, "Okay, fine. But he isn't getting away with this." She hung up the phone, and put her head in her hands.

Will felt slightly guilty for upsetting her. He was about to say something, but then she spoke. "Mr. Chilton wants me to bring in Abel and have a chat with him. Bad news is he isn't getting

the proper punishment, don't ask me why, I don't know either. Good news, I know who's telling the truth. He won't get away with this, Will. Mr. Crawford sent him down yesterday, correct? He's your gym teacher?"

Will nodded.

"He won't be too happy that he'll have to have Abel in his detention all week." She chuckled. "Poor guy."

"So, Will? Now that thats out of the way, how is your life so far? We haven't talked in a while."

Will smiled. "Pretty good. I think I've made a new friend."

Mrs. Bloom smiled widely. "Really? Will thats great!"

"Yeah. We met lastnight. He invited me to watch the moon with him tonight."

She smirked at him. "Ooh, Will. Sounds like a date..."

He gave her a sheepish grin. "Yeah.." He scratched idly at the back of his neck.

"What's his name?"

"Hannibal."

She nodded. Will was glad that Mrs. Bloom wasn't judging him, but to be fair, she had a wife. Margot Verger, he recalls as her name.

"And hows your home life?"

Will's smile dimmed a bit at the mention of that. He wished with all his heart he could tell her, but he couldn't. His father would literally kill him.

So, rationally speaking, he lied. "Its good."

"How's your father?"

"He's gotten better about his drinking." Lie. "I think he's finally starting to cope with my mothers death." Another lie. He's gotten pretty good at lying over the years. Since his mother died, really. He hated lying to Mrs. Bloom, but if she found out, she'd tell the authorities, and thats the last thing he needed right now.

She smiled. "Thats good. What about you? Are you coping?"

He held in his breath. "I don't know... I just try not to think about it."

"What do you think about?"

"Uh.. School, college, jobs, boats... I also think about Hannibal now. Anything that motivates me..." He was being sappy about Hannibal but who could blame him? Hannibal invited him

to a (maybe) date, and might actually like him.

Mrs. Bloom smiled brightly at him, then asked, "What are your thoughts on Nicholas Boyle? Are you sad?"

Will frowned. "I wouldn't consider myself sad. I never knew the guy. All I knew was that he was a senior, and captain of the swim team. I am confused as to how it happened, but other than that..." He trailed off.

Neither spoke for a bit, and Mrs. Bloom pulled out her passes and a pen and said, "I'm going to give you a pass to first period now, Will. Do not worry about Abel, I will be calling him down shortly." She handed him the pass. "Have a good day, Will."

He proceeded to leave her office when he heard, "Hey." He turned back around, and she smiled at him. "Good luck." She gave him a wink.

He smiled, and replied, "I'll try my best."

He headed out into the halls, and to his locker. No one was in the halls, seeing as how first period started about ten minutes ago. He hoped Hobbs and Gideon were also in their classes.

"Abel Gideon, please report to the guidance office. Abel Gideon, to the guidance office." Will heard over the announcement. He smiled. Mrs. Bloom was gonna kick Gideon's ass.

He got his stuff, and headed to first period.

It was when he was in the bathroom between 5th and 6th period that Hobbs cornered him.

"Graham!" Will heard as he was washing his hands. He looked in the mirrors reflection to Hobbs standing behind him. He looked angry, furious, there could be steam coming out of his ears if this was a cartoon.

Unfortunately it was not.

"You got Gideon in trouble, fucking fag!" Hobbs stepped forward, pushed him into the mirror. "And you're gonna fucking get it."

He turned the hot water from the sink on, and waited a few moments, holding Will against the mirror. Will tried to escape, but Hobb's grip wasn't withering. Hobbs checked the temperature of the water, smirked, and then grabbed Will's head. He bent Will so that Will's head was forced under the water.

Will screeched at the scorching water, but Hobbs put his hand over Will's mouth, muffling anything that could come out of Will's mouth from that point on.

Will felt like his skin was burning off, how the hell could the schools water get so hot? He slammed his palm against the mirror, hard.

He suddenly had an idea, and, quickly, bent his knee, and kicked behind him, trying his best to aim for Hobbs' balls. From the cry of pain he received, Will thinks he got it. Hobbs let go of Will, stumbling backwards, and falling to his knees, hands covering his crotch.

Will stood up, stumbled a bit, his face still burning. He quickly turned around, and pounced on Hobbs as he was defenseless. He didn't know what came over him, he was just sick of the torture, just wanted sweet revenge for once in his life. He balled his fist, raised it, and swung.

Hobbs immediately brought his forearms together to block his face. Will growled, straddled him, grabbed the other teenagers shirt, lifted him, and slammed him back on to the ground. Over, and over again.

Hobbs howled in pain, blood leaking out from the back of his head. "How do you like it? How do you fucking like it?!" He forced Hobbs' arms away from his face, and started punching him. "It hurts, doesn't it?" Will was so angry, so full of rage, that he didn't hear the door to the bathroom open.

The next he knew, he was being pulled back by something. He fought against that too. He turned around, and pushed, what looked to be a ninth-grader, into the wall. "Please don't hurt me..." The kid whimpered. That was when Will came back to his senses, and was shocked. He let go of the kid, and turned to look at the mess he made of Hobbs, who was now unconscious. He was proud of his work.

He suddenly felt his face, as if still under the water, burning. He growled, and went over to the faucet, which was still running, and turned it to cold. He cupped some water in his hands, and splashed it onto his face.

"You know you can leave." He saw there wasn't actually a mark on his face, just felt like there was.

"But this guy needs help." The kid stated, taking caution.

"Then go get help. No one is stopping you." He looked at his knuckles seeing Hobbs' blood on them. He felt a rush when he realized it was just that, Hobbs'. He wanted to smile. How sick, and twisted was he? Could this be his way of coping?

The kids stood, and practically ran out of there. Will chuckled. The kid most likely didn't even know his name. He felt the sadness when he wash the blood off of his knuckles, but felt proud as he looked back at Hobbs.

'He honestly had this coming' Will thought with a smile, as he exited the bathroom. He didn't see the little ninth-grader anywhere in the hallway, and he wondered if the kid actually went to get help.

He started to power walk to social studies, making sure to get out of any place he could be interrogated. When he made it to his class without any sign of the kid he felt victorious.

That feeling didn't last very long as by eighth period, he was called down to the office. Fucking ninth-grader.

He entered Chilton's office cautiously, eyeing both Hobbs in the left corner, and Gideon in the right. They were both staring daggers in to his soul. He was in for it now.

"Graham! How nice to see you here!" He heard Chilton's obnoxious voice and looked at him in the eyes. "Tell me, Graham, what are you in here for?"

Will was confused as Chilton obviously knew why he was there. Before he could speak, Hobbs spoke for him. "For physical abuse! For beating me unconscious and leaving me on the floor of the disgusting bathroom!" Hobbs stated, rather loudly.

Chilton sighed. "Abuse will not be tolerated..."

Will felt a red hot anger flow through him, and said right back, "Gideon slammed his foot on my back in gym yesterday "physically abusing" me when he was supposed to be HERE! And Hobbs cornered me in the bathroom at fifth period, and shoved in my face in excruciatingly hot water, almost boiling! So if I'm here for SELF DEFENSE, then I will personally find a way to get you fired!" Okay, so maybe threatening the principal of the school was a bad move to make on his part, but everything else was true.

Chilton had his eyebrows raised, both in shock and irritation. He averted his eyes to Hobbs and Gideon. "Is this true?"

Hobbs spoke up. "No, its-"

"Garrett," Chilton said angrily, holding a finger up to silence the boy, "I'm not taking any bullshit right now. Tell me the truth."

Hobbs pouted, and crossed his arms over his chest. What a child. "Yes its true."

Chilton nodded, and wrote something down. "Gideon I'm not even going to ask you. I know you were supposed to come here yesterday. Granted you did, but ten minutes after Mr. Crawford called me. And you were torturing William. Both of you, suspended for a week."

Hobbs and Gideon gave Chilton a disbelieving look, then stared at Will as if looks could kill. Will smirked. He was getting vengeance. Only some, but some is enough. What he really wanted to do was put these two through the pain they've put him through.

Will craved it.

"I will be calling your parents to explain why you've been suspended. You will stay here until they come to pick you up." Chilton turned to Will. "As I stated before, abuse will not be tolerated."

Will was confused, then pissed off. "Are you serious?"

Chilton hesitantly nodded. "Also threatening the head of Baltimore High wasn't a good decision either, Mr. Graham." Chilton gave him the simple 'Are you stupid?' look. Will then mentally slapped himself for being stupid.

"I'm sorry.." He stated.

"I will be calling your father to pick you up. You have four days of suspension.

Will's eyes widened. Oh god, his father... "No! Don't do that!"

Chilton raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Why should I not?"

Will thought quickly, "He's at work..."

He heard Chilton chuckle meanly. Asshole.

"Oh..." The principal thought. "Is there anyone else I can call who can come and get you?"

Will thought, for a split second, that Hannibal may be as kind as to pick him up, but shooed the thought away. He didn't have Hannibal's number. "Um... My Aunt Beverly I guess..."

Chilton nodded, and Will gave him her number. He took a seat in the opposite corners of Hobbs and Gideon, and they all had a hate-filled staring contest.

It was around 6:00 pm when Hannibal awoke. He stretched, stood, put on his red robe, and proceeded to leave his room. Both he and Bedelia cleaned the blood off of the bed, thoroughly. There may be a few specs left, nothing noticeable.

He entered the kitchen where Bedelia was. She was drinking, if his nose was correct, a cup of blood in a mug. He would ask how she got it, but he knew better.

"Good evening, Hannibal." She said quietly.

He smiled. "It is a good evening, indeed." Bedelia offered half of her blood to him, and he gratefully took it. He poured it in another one of their few mugs. He smelt it, smiled, and drank it. It was O+, better than that barely tolerable liquid that ran through Miss Scarlett's veins last night. It was warm, and he felt its warmth through his entire body, a feeling that he'd missed for some time.

"They found the body." Bedelia sipped her drink.

"What a shame they found it that fast."

"Apparently some children were off exploring, and they came across it in the river."

"Must have been traumatic."

"Indeed."

There was a pause.

"We're going to have to be a little more cautious than we are already being, Hannibal."

"I agree, though sooner or later the idea of fleeing will be inevitable. In this particular case, it will most likely be sooner."

"It is disappointing, I was beginning to... Like this place. So many people to choose from."

"I will also have a sadness for leaving as well." Hannibal looked out the window to the playground. No one was out there.

"Hannibal... Is there something you haven't told me?" Bedelia looked at him with questioning eyes.

Hannibal sighed, and averted his eyes from the window to her violet ones. "I met someone lastnight."

Her eyebrows rose as she was shocked. "Oh?"

"His name is Will Graham. I met him out on the playground."

"And what is this Will Graham like?"

"He is nice. Though I believe he doesn't have many, if any, friends at school. I feel as if he is being bullied." He frowned, and sipped from the mug again.

"School? Hannibal, how old is he?"

"He's told me he's a junior. Perhaps sixteen."

"Hannibal.. I would advise that you know what you're getting yourself into..."

Hannibal chuckled. "I see friendship in Will. I see..." He trailed off.

"What do you see?" Bedelia whispered.

"I see myself in Will." He finished his mug, licking his lips.

There was another pause, Bedelia thinking on what to say. "You are saying you see a ravenous, murderous creature inside of Will Graham. Because that is what you are. That is what we both are."

Hannibal looked at her directly in the eyes, and said, "That is exactly what I see in Will Graham."

Bedelia smirked evilly. "And you will be the one to make him that way, I assume?"

Hannibal shook his head. "Although I will have an impact on him, I am not the one who will have the most influence on Will."

Bedelia didn't reply, and they both just stood in an indescribable silence.

Hannibal was on the swings again, watching the moon. It was quite chilly out, but Hannibal was cold all of the time. This made no difference.

It was about the time Will and him had met yesterday, Hannibal thought. Where was he? Did Will forget?

Snow lightly fell, though the moon was still visible, glowing a beautiful shade of white. Hannibal admired all that wasn't man made. The moon was such a thing of beauty, and he hoped to share it with Will.

That was when Will emerged from his apartment, and Hannibal could smell his scent, and it was coming off strong. It smelled like Will's blood, which although hungered him, also worried him.

Will slowly walked towards him, limping. Hannibal felt a sudden urge to protect Will surge through him. What had happened to Will?

"Hello Will."

"H-hello.. Hannibal..." Will coughed.

Hannibal stood and walked to Will, helping him over to the bench to the right. Will gratefully accepted the help and allowed himself to be taken care of.

"Will what happened?"

"Just some kids from school..."

Will tried his best to keep his space but Hannibal was just offering shoulder, the perfect place for Will to rest his head on. "I got suspended. For self defense. I didn't even get to talk to Mrs. Bloom about it, they just made me leave."

"Do your parents know?"

Will flinched at that, and nodded. "Its, uh... Its just me and my father. And," He chuckled bitterly, "Yeah. He knows."

Hannibal sensed Will's anger, and that he was not telling him something. "Will what really happened to you?"

Will frowned. "I already told you."

"Will, I know we only met yesterday so I can't expect you to fully trust me, but I would like to help. I cannot help you if you do not tell me the whole truth. Please tell me what happened."

"Nothing happened! Okay?" Will snapped. He picked his head off of the other mans shoulder, and sighed. Hannibal was unfazed by Will's temper, just let the younger man calm down.

There were a few moments of silence, until Will spoke hesitantly, but guiltily. "I... I'm sorry, Hannibal... I didn't mean to snap..." The sincereness was dripping off of him.

"It is alright, Will. I pushed you, and I shouldn't have. For that, I apologize. Will you forgive me?"

Will shook his head. "No no, you were only trying to help. I've nothing to forgive you for." He breathed in shakily. "You cannot tell anyone, okay? Promise you won't tell a soul." There was a silence. "Promise me, Hannibal."

"I promise."

Will breathed in shakily again. His nerves were on fire. "I.. I don't even know why I'm telling you this..." Will whispered. "But I-" tears stung in his eyes. He felt Hannibal's arms pulling him towards his body. Will nuzzled his nose into Hannibal's freezing neck, and sighed.

"You do not have to tell me if you do not wish to, Will." Hannibal spoke softly, and ran his fingers through Will's curls.

'Maybe Mrs. Bloom was right...' Will thought, and smiled through his tears. 'And I don't want this to stop...'

Will sniffed, and stated, "Thats my problem. I really want to tell you. Only I know I shouldn't..." He wrapped his arms around the other man. "But thats exactly what I'm going to do."

He cleared his throat. "Theres something really bad that happens at my house." He tilted his head slightly, to look into Hannibal's eyes. Once again, they looked black in the moonlight.

Hannibal said nothing, and waited for Will to continue. He wished to help Will, which was a brand new feeling for him. Hannibal hasn't felt like this in the 70 years he's been a vampire. Hasn't felt this... Affection, and attraction, and the need to help someone is so strong. Those feelings also didn't stop the want he had. The want to sink his teeth into Will's creamy throat, just have a small taste...

"When I was young we were a happy family. I actually had friends... My father used to take me out to the boat yard. All we did was stare at them in awe, wishing we could afford one." Will chuckled sadly, biting his lip. A single tear worked its way down Will's cheek. Hannibal had the urge to lick it off.

When I was eleven, my mother died in a drunk driving accident. The guy who hit her was wasted. He died too..." More tears fell from his eyes, and he nestled his way into Hannibal's neck again, not caring if the other man's skin was ice cold.

Hannibal put a comforting hand on the back of Will's neck, and rest his cheek in his curls. "Take your time, Will." He whispered. Will sobbed, and clung to the man, finding comfort.

After a few minutes, Will calmed down some. He lifted his head, only to turn it to the side and put his head back to where he had it against Hannibal's neck.

"I'm sorry.." Will confessed, shaking. "I've never opened up to anyone about this before.. Not even Mrs. Bloom.."

Hannibal tightened his arms around the teenager, and breathed in his scent. "It's quite alright, Will. I will never judge you." He spoke softly.

Will nodded, and they sat in a comfortable silence. The only noises being made were Will's small hiccups. "A-After that day.. I.. I didn't know what was happening. All I knew was that my father started drinking. When I-I was twelve he..." Will breathed in wetly.

Hannibal let Will have his time, running a soothing hand on his back. He smelt fresh blood, and was reminded of how the boy was hurt. They would have to tend to that soon.

"When I was twelve he hit me for the first time. Me and him were arguing about god knows what, when, before you knew it, I was on the ground, sporting a bruise on my left cheek. The drinking only got worse from then on. He tries to stay as far from me as possible, and when he's near me, I always end up hurt. I think he's ashamed of me. Who wouldn't be ashamed of me? He sniffed.

Hannibal was quite shocked, as he was angry. How dare anyone lay a hand on Will, especially the boys father. Its pitiful that a human would resort to that kind of torture just to make oneself feel better for a few minutes. Hannibal wanted to kill the man.

"It doesn't help when there are bullies out to get me every single day." He chuckled.

"Will, you are saying that your father hurt you this way? Not the bullies? Your father is the reason why you're bleeding tonight?" Hannibal asked darkly.

After a few silent moments, Will said, "He did."

Hannibal felt a surge of fury flow through him. Oh how he wanted to torture the man, tie him up, drink from him slowly, making sure the elder Graham felt every ounce of pain... He wanted to kill Will's bullies too. But there was one thing he wanted more than that... He wanted Will to kill them all. How good the boy would look, saturated in their blood, a dazed, satisfied look on his face.... Hannibal wouldn't be able to resist...

"Will, can I take you to my apartment? I would feel much better if we god your wounds properly taken care of."

Will didn't hesitate. "Yes."

Hannibal's apartment number was 30. He was 10 doors down from Will's. He watched as Hannibal opened the door to his home. It was dark, and there was this weird smell, but Will found it oddly comforting.

The lights suddenly turned on, and Will then saw that there were barley any furnishings. The kitchen was empty, other than the counter, and cabinets to store food in. The thought of food made his stomach growl. He blushed, and turned to Hannibal to see if he had noticed.

He had. "I don't really have any food, Will.." Hannibal said uncertainly. "Mostly for the reason that I do not need food. Well, normal food..."

Will furrowed his brow in confusion. "What do you mean you don't need food? What do you eat?"

Hannibal thought for a moment, opening up the cabinets to see if he had anything for Will to munch on. He pulled out a loaf of bread, and checked the date. He nodded, and handed it to Will. "Just certain foods. Most food that the average human consumes will, unfortunately, make us sick. We have a small variety to choose from. I can't think of them right now..." He stated, opening more cabinets, looking for something.

"Why don't you just purchase them at the store?" Will ate a piece if bread, watching Hannibal.

"We do not have very much money, Will. And we do not get hungry very often." Hannibal stated. Will figured the "we" he was referring to was him and Bedelia. Will wondered where she was, he had not gotten to meet her yet.

Will suddenly felt guilty for eating off the man. He had food back at his apartment, he could just go grab that. He shouldn't be eating the mans only food. He set the bread back down, just as Hannibal turned around with medical supplies.

"Where'd you learn to do stitching?"

"I took a class in college." Hannibal smiled, a glint in his eye, "Ready?"

They proceeded to the living room, where Hannibal had two chairs facing each other. Will sat in the one on the right. Hannibal pulled the other chair up, and maneuvered Will's legs so that they were laying straight on Hannibal's lap. He rolled Will's pant leg up, and sighed. There was blood running down the side of his knee.

"Will, you must tell me if you feel excessive pain. If you do, I will stop to give you a small break, seeing as we do not have anything to numb the pain with. Okay?"

"Okay." Will agreed, staring up at the ceiling. Before he knew it he felt the poke of a needle, and he was being stitched up. Will still didn't understand why he had so much trust in this man. He had told him his secret, and was now in his apartment, being sewn back together. He smiled as he felt another prick of the needle go through him.

"What time is it?"

"It is 10:46 pm." Will nodded, knowing he would have to return to his own apartment soon. He didn't want to leave, he wanted to stay and snuggle next to one of the very few people who actually cared. That was when he got an idea.

"Hey... Do you wanna spend the night?" He asked hesitantly.

Hannibal stopped the procedure, and looked at him. "You want me to accompany you for the night?"

Will swallowed nervously, thinking he made a mistake. "Y-You don't have to if you don't want to..." He got quiet towards the end.

Hannibal shushed him, and held a finger up to Will's lips. He traced the outline of them. Will wanted to take the finger in his mouth... "Of course I will, William. But one question.. What about your father?"

Will shook his head, getting excited. "I can sneak you in."

"Will, I do not wish for you to get in anymore trouble with your father."

Will was about to speak again, but Hannibal held his finger up again. "I already told you I would, Will. I want you to trust me. Do you trust me?"

"If I didn't, would I have let you in my life?" Will asked quietly, the meaning behind his words strong.

"I suppose not." The other man replied. There was a silence, Hannibal's lips hovering over Will's. Will wanted to close the distance between them, wanted a taste.

But before he could, Hannibal pulled back, and said, "I will find my own way in, Will. Just trust me. I will be there." He raided his hand to rest it on Will's cheek. Will raised his own, and placed it over Hannibal's.

"I trust you." He laid back down, and Hannibal proceeded to finish his stitches.

After he was finished, Hannibal grabbed a towel, and dabbed his wounds with it, gently, catching any remaining droplets of blood. "I will check these in the morning." He set the towel down, eyeing it hungrily, before looking back to Will. "I want you to go to your apartment, and wait in your room for me. What is your apartment number?"

"Twenty."

Hannibal made sure Will could walk, and soon enough Will was back in his own apartment, the feeling of comfort gone.

As he walked through the kitchen, but not before hearing loud snoring coming from the living room. He turned and entered the living room, seeing that his father hasn't moved from the couch all day.

Fucking typical.

Oh how easy it would be... To wrap his fingers around the mans neck, and just.... Tighten. Will could imagine himself doing it, killing the man who beat him. No, not man. Monster. He could imagine himself hiding the body, and living by himself, or perhaps with Hannibal...

Will shook his head, ridding himself of the haunting thoughts. It wasn't the first time he's had these sort of thoughts, and he's gotten used to them, no matter how sick and twisted they were. As much as he wanted to act upon them, his father was the only parent he had left...

Will made it to his room, and as Hannibal had told him to do, just sat, and waited. He thought about how much he adored Hannibal, how much affection he held for the man he's known for

a little over 24 hours. Will wouldn't deny that he felt wonderful bliss just thinking about the man.

Will licked his lips, imagining Hannibal's grazing them. He imagined the man kissing down his chin, neck, chest... Stomach... Maybe leaving a teasing lick in his bellybutton...

There was a sudden tap at his window, startling Will from his fantasy. "Ah!" He held his chest, where his heart was beating rapidly. He saw Hannibal, who was crouched in his window sill, smirking.

Asshole.

Will went over to the window, unlocking it, and allowing Hannibal access. But Hannibal didn't enter, just stayed crouched in the window. He looked at Will, expectantly. "You must invite me in... To your home."

Will tilted his head to the side, eyeing the man. "You're invited."

Hannibal then entered, quietly. Will sat on the bed again, admiring the man before him. "You gave me quite a scare just now..." He chuckled, noticing his heart still trying to slow down.

Hannibal smirked again. "Then there came a tapping, a tapping at your chamber door."

Will laughed at the reference. "How did you even get up here? We both live on the second floor."

"I climbed."

Will smiled, and shook his head. The walls outside were brick, there was no way, "Yeah, okay Hannibal." Will looked at the clock, which read 11:05 pm. Normally he would be sleeping right now, but since he'd been suspended he didn't have to wake up early.

Hannibal went over and sat next to Will on the bed. Will decided to say whatever was on his mind. "You're so interesting, Hannibal."

Hannibal chuckled. "Thank you."

"I mean it. You're so different. Not like anyone I've ever met." He gazed into Hannibal's black eyes.

"I can say the same for you, Will..." Hannibal reached for him, and wrapped his arms around Will's torso. Will accepted the contact, and let himself be pulled against Hannibal's chest, sighing contently. This... This was exactly where he belonged.

Hannibal also sighed, and pushed his nose into Will's neck. He inhaled.

"Did you just smell me?"

"Difficult to avoid."

Will chuckled, and he reached for his bedside lamp, turning it on. The dim glow of the light radiated in the room, and he turned to look at Hannibal. His breath caught in his throat as he gazed into Hannibal's eyes again.

Hannibal was staring back at Will, letting Will digest the small amount of information he was receiving at that moment. He'd never let another human being see him like this, for what he really was. This small part of him explaining many things.

"Hannibal... Your eyes..."

"What do you see, Will?"

"Your eyes... They're red.."

"Yes. You are correct."

"Why are they red?"

Hannibal sighed, closing his eyes, but Will held his hand against Hannibal's cheek, saying, "No.... Don't close them..."

Hannibal opened his eyes to look at the boy, finding nothing but pure awe in his blue eyes. He smiled a little, liking the look on Will's face. He took Will's hand from his cheek, and intertwined their fingers together.

Will was still in shock at how beautiful Hannibal's eyes were. They were a deep blood red, that could either say a thousand words, or say nothing at all.

"I suppose, since you were honest with me, Will, I too should be honest with you." His arms tightened around the boy, and Will stayed silent, wondering what Hannibal's story was. Wondering what those red eyes told.

"Promise me you will not be frightened, William."

Will nodded, but couldn't help feeling a bit unnerved. "I promise..."

Hannibal gave Will a once over, who was waiting patiently for Hannibal to continue speaking.

"Will, I have known you for a day, and I feel a deep trust in you, just as you feel in me, that I've never felt with anyone else.." He ran a gentle hand through Will's curls, quickly finding it becoming one of his addictions. "I am not nineteen, Will. I am far, far older than that."

Will gave him a slightly confused look. Hannibal looked directly into Will's eyes, and stated, "I am eighty-eight years old."

"What?" Will raised his eyebrows. "No you aren't."

"I am also immortal. I have the ability to create other immortals with just the clench of my jaw..."

Will sat up slightly, but not removing himself from the tangle of Hannibal's arms. "Wait, what?"

"Let me finish, Will..." Hannibal cleared his throat. "Although you haven't met her, Bedelia isn't really my sister. She was my physciatrist."

Will swallowed loudly. "What happened?"

"I bit her. About twenty years ago."

Will had wide eyes, but he was not afraid. "Why did you bite her?"

"She asked me to."

Will frowned. "What are you saying?"

"Look into my eyes, and you will see."

Will clenched his eyes shut, but then opened them, and did as Hannibal told him to. He looked into the eyes of the man (man?) and really looked. He gasped, and saw blood. Blood was everywhere. He was covered in it, and Hannibal was also. Then, just like that, the vision was gone. As twisted as it was, Will couldn't help but long for it back...

He gave Hannibal a look that wasn't quite fear. "What are you?"

"What do you think I am, William?"

Will exhaled shakily, still not afraid. He looked Hannibal straight in his red eyes, and said, "Vampire."

Hannibal smirked at that, nodding his approval. He explored Will's blue eyes, asking, "Are you frightened yet?"

Will shook his head. "No."

"Good."

Will had a question which spiked his fear up one level. "Are you a possible cause of Nicholas Boyle's death?"

"I am the cause of Nicholas Boyle's death. I have also murdered a young woman named Scarlett last night."

"Thats why you don't have any food in your apartment. You need blood to survive." Will chuckled in realization. He didn't know why he wasn't getting Hannibal the hell away from him. Maybe it was because he was already too attached to the man. Maybe it was because he found Hannibal fascinating, even after learning the man was a killer of the night. Maybe because Will wanted it too.. "What else can you do?"

Hannibal was surprised at the acceptance. "As you already know, I do not eat. When I do, it is human blood. I sleep during the day, I am awake all night. Sunlight does not burn me... I am fast, and strong. I can hear everything clearly, as I can see everything clearly. Unfortunately, I move from town to town often. Bedelia travels with me. I can do many things, Will. You just have to be open to seeing them.

Will sighed, letting everything process. "I can honestly say that this is the most shocked I've ever felt..." He chuckled. "How.... How many people have you... Eaten?"

"More than you can imagine."

There was another silence, a loud thumping the only noise being made, coming from Will's chest. He directed his eyes to the chest, admiring it.

"Can you hear my heartbeat?" Will asked curiously.

"Yes. Are you afraid?"

Will breathed in, and out. He moved so he was straddling Hannibal's hips. He grabbed the mans cheeks with his palms, inching closer to the him.

"No."

Hannibal had Will on his back, holding his wrists above his head. He was kissing Will's lips, their tongues battling for dominance. Hannibal pushed Will's tongue back into his own mouth, rendering it submissive. Will moaned, jerking his hips up, rubbing his and Hannibal's arousals together.

Hannibal growled, nipping Will's bottom lip. Will arched his back, smiling into the kiss. He pulled back, only to whisper, "We h-have to keep quiet, my f-father might- ah!"

Hannibal ground his hips down, growling, "If your father comes in here, I will tear him to shreds. I am not joking." He nipped at Will's exposed throat, Will panting below him.

"Hannibal, wait."

Hannibal pulled back immediately, looking into Will's eyes. "Is there a problem?"

Will shook his head, jerkily. "No, god no. There is absolutely no problem. This is amazing, but I feel like I should tell you that.. I-I don't really know what I'm doing exactly..." He confessed, blushing.

"Will... Do you mean to tell me that you are a virgin?"

Will inhaled sharply, the man's voice doing things to him. "Y-yes..."

Hannibal outright groaned at that, grinding against Will's hips harder than the last time. Will moaned, and clenched Hannibal's sweater in his fists, dragging him down for another

bruising kiss. Hannibal bit at Will's bottom lip, making it bleed some. The thought of Hannibal being the first, and perhaps the only, to ever see Will in this state, to see Will wrecked, and gasping out Hannibal's name... It was intoxicating.

He groaned at the taste of Will's blood, struggling to keep his fangs at bay. The taste was making him lose control, but he would not hurt this boy. Well, he may hurt him a little bit, not too much.

He reached down, and undid Will's button on his pants. Will nodded, and shimmied out of them as fast as he could. He, with jerking limbs, also yanked his shirt off his head, throwing it to non existence. Will was left in his underwear, while Hannibal was still fully clothed.

"Take you- take it off." Will demanded, panting.

"Take what off, dear? My sweater, or my pants?"

"Both! Just take them off! Please!"

Hannibal smirked, and stood. He reached down to the hem of his sweater, and slowly pulled it upwards, revealing his chest to the boy. He heard Will groan, and smiled. He pulled his arms out of the arm holes, and pulled the sweater over his head. He dropped it on to the floor, and stared into Will's eyes as he proceeded to take his pants off, even slower than he took the sweater off.

He heard Will groan, in what he believed was frustration. He let his pants slide down his tones legs, and finally hit the floor. He heard Will sigh, and noticed the boy had a hand in his underwear, jerking up and down.

"Will, release yourself." Will whined slightly at that, but complied. He breathed in and out shakily, and Hannibal crawled over him again, pressing their hips together.

Now the both of them were in their underwear, Will grinding his erection against Hannibal's. Hannibal sighed, and kissed the boy again. Will moaned, bringing his hands up to cup Hannibal's cheeks for the second time that night.

Hannibal released Will's lips, and slid down Will's body, slowly. He kissed the boys chin, then neck. He bit the creamy skin slightly, being sure his fangs were still contained inside his gums. He heard Will whine above, and continued biting. He started sucking the skin, tasting the salty sweat, and loving it. Oh, how he just wanted to sink his fangs in Will's neck, watch the blood drip down him.

Instead, he released Will's throat, and went lower, nipping his chest. He tilted his head till he was licking at Will's nipple, which earned him a sharp inhale. Will arched his back at the feeling, trying to push more of his chest into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal bit the nub, swirling his tongue around it. Will keened, putting his hand in Hannibal's dirty blond hair. He just held his hand there, to caught up in the sensation of pleasure.

Hannibal gave the other nipple the same treatment, then moved downwards to Will's stomach. He kissed it lovingly, hearing Will whine above him. He tongued Will's bellybutton,

running his hands up and down the boys body.

'This is just like in my fantasy...' Will thought, then moaned when Hannibal released, and kissed his way lower. He reached Will's hip, nipping it playfully. He was so close, so close, to where Will needed him to be. All Hannibal had to do was just move a few inches to the left, and he'd be there...

"Please..." He sobbed helplessly.

"Please what, William?" Hannibal asked in a teasing voice. He was pulling Will's underwear down, getting them out of the way.

"Please... Please just touch me..."

"I am touching you, Will."

Will growled in frustration, jerking his hips up, trying to get friction on his aching arousal. "N-no! Not there! Touch me.. On my..." He breathed in, flushing even more than he already was, in embarrassment.

"On your what, Will?" Hannibal asked, loving the beautiful shade of red that settled over the boy.

Will threw an arm over his eyes, panting. "On my.. On my cock... Please... oh god, please.."

Hannibal was mean, but he wasn't mean enough to deny Will what he's properly asked for. He moved his mouth, hovering over Will's erection. Then, without warning, plunged down on to the boy.

Will screamed in ecstasy, covering his mouth with the back of his hand. He felt his cock in the molten heat of Hannibal's mouth, who was vibrating around it. Will felt tears well up in his eyes at the intense, overwhelming pleasure. He felt a heat boiling in his lower belly, working its way to his cock. He was going to come, oh god, he was going to come.

"S-Stop! Stop! Hannibal please stop!" Just before he could come, Hannibal released his cock, looking at Will with those red eyes. Will whimpered, trying to calm down slightly.

Hannibal seemed to understand the situation, and held his fingers up to Will's lips. "Suck." He told him. Will obediently took them into his mouth, enjoying the taste of them. He ran his tongue over them, closing his eyes. He was sure to get them thoroughly wet before Hannibal pulled them out.

"I do apologize, Will. I do not have proper lubricant. I was not prepared for this tonight, but I do wish for your first time to be the best time..." He then probed Will's hole.

Will squirmed under the touch, it was so foreign. He'd only ever tried fingering himself once, when he was 14, and searching porn sites. Now that it was actually happening, he wasn't sure he was ready for this yet, but let Hannibal do what he was doing. He was sure Hannibal had done it before, he trusted the man.

"You are so tight, Will..." Hannibal whispered through clenched teeth. His own arousal was aching with need, but he put Will's needs first. In the end, they would both be sated. "I think you will need a bit more lubricant than what I have now..."

"W-what do you m-mean?" Will asked, feeling Hannibal's pointer finger enter him halfway. It was uncomfortable, not necessarily hurting. He clenched his eyes shut, hoping it would feel better soon.

"I mean that we're going to have to improvise just a bit more.." Hannibal told him, smirking. There was something in his voice that made Will nervous. Hannibal was up to something, was about to do something.

That was when he felt Hannibal lower his head, and something slick swiped across his hole. Will yelped, then moaned as the slick poked, and prodded his hole. He soon realized that it was Hannibal's tongue doing this to him, and he whined. The feeling was so different, but so good. He was being fucked by Hannibal's tongue, the thought made his cock twitch.

"Ohh... Ohh my god.." He breathed. He wasn't sure what to do with his hands, so he just clenched the sheets.

"Oh shit, oh god, Hannibal, thats so good, so good... Oh my god, oh- fuck! Oh fuck, please! Please just fuck me!" He was babbling as he felt Hannibal's finger moving around inside of him, stroking his walls, starting to feel a lot nicer. He screamed when he felt the finger hit against a spot inside of him, sending him to bliss. The tongue was still working nicely, getting him nice and wet.

That was when Hannibal added a second finger. This one was a bit easier to take, since he was stretched some, and lubed up well with Hannibal's saliva. Will wasn't aware of how vocal he was, of what he was saying, "Fuck! Fuck please! Please stop teasing! Please! I can't- I can't take much more, I need you to fuck me, please! Please Hannibal, I need it, I want it! Please!" He whined, feeling a third finger stretch him further.

"Such a filthy mouth..." Hannibal purred, pulling his fingers out, and moving back. He gathered as much saliva as he could, and let it fall from his lips to his palm, slicking up his own cock.

He aligned his head with Will's hole, saying, "Will, if I hurt you in any way, tell me. I will stop to let you adjust more. Okay?"

Will nodded, and then said, "I will be fine, please. I'm ready.. Please..."

Hannibal complied, and thrust in quick and easy. He heard Will expel the air in his lungs, and breathing in again. He had caught Will off guard, Will had thought they would be taking the whole putting-it-in thing slower. But this was good too. Although he felt a slight ache, nothing too bad.

After a few moments, Hannibal started moving. He was slow at first, picking up speed at the sound of Will's pleasure. He thrust in, and out, trying to find Will's prostate, knowing it would make him scream just as it had before.

Will could say that he was enjoying himself. This was nice, very nice, the pace was amazing, but Hannibal could go maybe a little bit faster. The feeling of Hannibal's cock sliding against his walls, was good. He was hoping Hannibal would hit that spot that made him see black earlier. Oh yes, that is a better pace. Harder, harder, please go harder, faster..

Will suddenly realized he was voicing his thoughts as Hannibal picked up speed rapidly, hooking his hands behind Will's thighs, pushing them up so his knees were against Will's chest, and he had more room to maneuver. The slight angle change caused Hannibal to brush against Will's sweet spot.

"Ohh shit... Oh shit, do that again. Please Hannibal. Again, again right-AH!- there! Right there! Yes, yes, yes, harder! Fuck!"

Will had stopped caring about his father seeing him like this long ago, knowing if he did walk in, Hannibal would take care of it.

Hannibal, now knowing where to aim, pounded against Will's prostate. Will was moaning uncontrollably, reaching for his cock. He started pumping it rhythmically with Hannibal's speed. Hannibal slapped his hand away, and reached for the boys cock himself, speeding up his hand.

The stimulation against his sweet spot, the frantic jerking of Will's cock, and the look of complete lust in Hannibal's red eyes had Will coming, the only words Will knew at that moment was "Hannibal, please, please, Hannibal, Hannibal, yes, yes, YES!"

It was an intense orgasm, and Hannibal was only a few short seconds behind him, spilling inside of Will, growling out the boys name, his eyes shut tight, his head thrown back. It was a sight to behold, Will thought in his post-orgasmic haze.

They both panted heavily. Hannibal pulled out slowly, making Will keen. He collapsed beside Will, pulling him up against his chest. Will exhaled through his nose, turning so both their chests were pressed together.

It was silent. Nothing could be heard except their deep breaths, and Wills heartbeat.

Finally, it was Will who spoke first. "You said you turned Bedelia because... She asked, right?" He breathed out, still in the process of calming down.

"That is correct."

Will was hesitant when asking this, "Would you... Would you bite me? You know.. If I asked...?"

Hannibal thought about it, and said, "I would. But I want you to think about it first. Once you are bitten, that is it..."

The question slipped out before he could stop it. "How did you turn?"

Hannibal inhaled sharply, but exhaled just as quick. Will instantly regretted asking the question, and was shocked when Hannibal answered.

"In college, I was studying to become a physciatrist. We would have patients from other physciatrist's come in so we could learn what it was like. The one who I had, Francis Dollarhyde, was very insane. He had told me that he was bitten by an "unknown entity" as he had called it. He started seeing me at nights, claiming the entity who had bit him was "The Great Red Dragon." He told me he was becoming the Dragon, next thing I knew there were murders in the paper, of families being drained of their blood, left to rot in their homes. I knew it was Francis, although I did not say anything. He called me one night, explaining how he murdered a lady. I told him it was... Fascinating. It was art, even though I could not see it."

Hannibal thought for a moment. "The next night he broke into my temporary office. He started breaking everything. I asked him to calm down and he said, "No Dr. Lecter." I proceeded to ask why he was doing this, he replied, "Because you told them. You told the authorities, and now I am in trouble..." He bit me then, held me against the wall, and drank from me. I struggled, and yelled... Eventually he was restrained by two people who I didn't know. He was taken away, and.. And that was the last time I saw him. I proceeded to change that night while I was home.." Hannibal trailed off.

He breathed in, and out slowly. "Francis was no dragon, hardly a vampire. I don't know if he is even still alive today."

"Why didn't you tell anybody?" Will asked, cringing at Hannibal's story.

"Francis was a fascinating man. He was interesting to observe." Hannibal was silent, then whispered, "You have a choice in the matter, Will. Some of us didn't get a choice."

Will furrowed his brow. "Are you saying you don't like being a vampire?"

Hannibal silenced him. "I do. Though, some do not. It took some getting used to..."

Will quieted. Then spoke very softly. "If I let you bite me.. Would you let me stay with you?"

"Of course, Will. You would be my responsibility, after all." It was a scary thought. But it was also intriguing. The thought of living with Hannibal excited him, the thought of killing with him... Getting his vengeance...

Hannibal kissed him again, and Will opened his mouth to let Hannibal's tongue in. To know that that tongue was somewhere very intimate not to long ago made his spent cock twitch, though he wouldn't be able to come again for a good while.

"I think I want the bite..." Will whispered against the mans lips, feeling drowsy.

"Like I said, Will, think about it... For now, I think sleep is the best thing for you."

Will nodded, kissing Hannibal one more time, before nuzzling his face in his neck. "Goodnight, Hannibal.."

"Goodnight, William."

Hannibal lay awake, finding himself running his fingers through Will's curls again. This was a predicament he'd never thought he would see himself in. He'd never met a willing mortal, other than Bedelia, to turn immortal. Much less have passionate sex with that mortal. Will hadn't run from him when he told Will what he really was, like he'd expected him to. Will was a strange young man, but Hannibal liked that about him. Will seemed willing to do what Hannibal said, to do what Hannibal does. Will does know the cost of immortality, right?

It was all a big decision for Will. He would be giving up his humanity for monstrosity. For a vampire. For Hannibal.

The vampire sighed, wondering how Will would cope if he were to be bitten. He pulled the boy tighter to his chest, hearing said boy sigh in content, and snuggle in further. In the back of his mind, Hannibal wished he had a warm body to provide Will with for the time being. And a heartbeat. But Will didn't seem to mind.

He would miss the thumping of Will's heart.

He focused on that. The low da-dum of Will's life. He closed his eyes, and saw the sun peaking through the window. It was a myth, vampires didn't actually spontaneously combust in the sunlight. They got bad sunburns though, so they preferred to stay out of it as much ad possible.

Hannibal didn't eat last night, so he was starving. He did not care, he could control himself. He wasn't a ravenous beast or anything.

He heard a phone ringing coming from the other room, and sleepy muttered curses followed. The ringing stopped, and a muffled voice started talking. Hannibal figured it was Will's bastard of a father.

Sudden footsteps fell as they neared Will's room. Hannibal sat up quickly, detangling himself from Will's limbs and grasp. He raced out of the bed, but also covered Will with the blanket, who looked to be reaching for what he lost. Hannibal opened Will's window, the footsteps just outside the door. The knob turned, and Hannibal jumped out, not caring that his nude body was exposed. He held on to the ledge, dangling from it. He felt this compromise was a bit ridiculous, but necessary. He could hear the door open, and then the conversation.

"Will... WILL!"

"W-wha...?"

"Your school counselor just called. You're free to go back to school."

"I... I thought I was... Suspended?"

"Yup. I fucking did too. Apparently they worked something out."

"..." Will was silent, "Where..."

"What? Where what?"

"Nothing. I'll get ready."

"Good. And Will, if you so much as limp today, you'll be in for a world of hurt."

The door slammed just, and Hannibal heard Will sigh. His father made rage boil inside of Hannibal. He couldn't wait to have Will het his vengeance on him. He didn't deserve to be treated like that. He heard Will make his way out of bed, and decided to pull himself back up to Will's room.

Will heard a thumping noise, and turned. He smiled in relief when he saw Hannibal. He ran over and wrapped his arms around the man. "I thought you'd left..."

"This was no one night stand, Will."

"I know..." Will pulled back, and blushed. "My ass kinda hurts, you know."

Hannibal chuckled. "Well, it was your first time. And we didn't have proper lubricant."

"But it all worked out." Will smiled. That was when he realized the both of them were still naked. He blushed again, and walked to his dresser, and pulled out fresh boxers. He put them on, saying, "Mrs. Bloom wants me to go into school today."

"Yes, I overheard. Your father sounds like a wonderful man." Hannibal said sarcastically.

Will chuckled, pulling on more fresh clothes. "He's really not. But there is nothing I can do about that."

"Maybe you can."

Will turned to look at Hannibal, confused. "What do you mean?"

Hannibal opened his mouth, exposing his fangs to Will. This was the first time Will saw his fangs, and as awe struck as he was, he understood what Hannibal was saying completely. "Hannibal, I-I can't let you - no, I won't let you murder my father.." He was in complete shock at the offer, wondering hoe Hannibal had the nerve to ask that of him.

"Will, he is not a very good one. Besides," He walked over to where his clothes from the night before were, taking them, "I wasn't offering to kill your father."

"Then what were you-" Will's eyes widened. "Hannibal, no! I can't!"

"Why?" Hannibal continued to put on his clothes, "He is a bad parent. He'd been hurting you for four years."

"Yeah, but I can't kill him! Why would you ever ask me to do that?"

"You could. You could get your revenge, Will. It would be so simple..."

"Hannibal, no." He finished putting his shirt on, but didn't turn to look at the man. "I'm gonna have to ask you to leave..."

Hannibal was hit with a sudden disappointment. Hd finished putting his clothes on, and readied himself to leave. He suddenly felt Will's eyes on him, and turned to look at him. Will looked regretful, and like he wanted to say something else.

"You will." Hannibal stated confidently, and jumped out.

Will wished Hannibal was still with him. Will knew that the offer was horrible, and Hannibal should have never asked him to do such a thing, but Will thought about doing just that on a daily basis. Hell right before Hannibal came over last night, he thought about strangling the monster that was his father.

Will covered his eyes with his hands. Why, why why was he so crazy? Why did he find the most comfort in a vampire? Why was he so accepting of Hannibal? Why did he also want to be a vampire? He would have to kill if he was a vampire. He would have to drink blood. The thing was, Will could easily see himself being a vampire. Could easily see himself and Hannibal killing. It was intoxicating.

Will figures he's been messed up all of his life, its an excuse for thinking these things.

The sad thing is, Will would. Will would kill his father. The man isn't even a father. The man doesn't love him, doesn't care about him in the least. The guy was fucking phsyco. He always called Will names, and made him feel low about himself. Always gave Will bruises...

Will was finding it harder and harder to find a reason not to take revenge.

He walked into the kitchen, and made himself a bowl of cereal. His ass hurt a lot, reminding him of his and Hannibal's night together last night. Will chuckled, if his father knew what he did he would probably get punched.

After he finished his cereal, he peaked in at his father, who was sleeping once again. Jeez, doesn't that ever get old?

He exited his apartment, and made his way to the school. It was still a bit early, too early for the kids to be arriving at the school. But Mrs. Bloom would be there, and he needed to talk to her.

Hannibal's words rang in his ear. "You could."
"You will."
He tried to ignore it, but he could drown in the other mans voice.

He made it to the school, and entered through the main office. Chilton wasn't there yet, which was good. Will didn't need to see him. He went to the guidance office, the administrator giving him a look. Will ignored her, and went straight to Mrs. Blooms office. She turned to him with a disappointed look. "Hello Will."

He didn't say anything, just sat down in his regular chair. She gave him a look, "You know, I was kind of expecting a hi back..."

He still didn't say anything. He didn't even want to be there. Where he really wanted to be was with Hannibal, but he'd kicked him out.

"Mrs. Bloom sighed. "Will, I called you in today just to talk to you. You may leave right after. But we need to discuss yesterdays events."

"My father said you'd worked everything out."

"He got it wrong. I'm surprised I got to get you in here today. Just for this short amount of time." She gave him a sad look. "I just need your point of view."

Will cleared his throat. "Lets see, yesterday in the bathroom, I was shoved under boiling hot water. So I finally decided to put my foot down, and I got suspended."

"Abel and Garrett got suspended too, don't forget that. And you slammed his head on the floor, multiple times. And self defense doesn't excuse you threatening Mr. Chilton!"

"I thought you were on my side, Alana!"

"I'm Mrs. Bloom to you, Will."

Will was furious, anger ready to burst out of him. He was about to yell, to scream out profanities, when Mrs. Bloom gasped, "Oh my god, Will, you're bleeding!"

He looked down at his leg, and as she said, had begun to bleed. "Shit!"

Mrs. Bloom walked around her desk and kneeled down beside him. "What happened?" She rolled up his pant leg, Will let her. She saw the stitches. Will had kicked Hannibal out before he could check the wounds this morning. Perfect.

"How did you get these? They seem fresh!" She went to touch it, but that was when Will finally slapped her hand away.

"Leave me alone!"

Mrs. Bloom stepped back, shocked. "Will... Whats wrong...?

"Nothing." Will stood, and rolled his pant leg down. "Mrs. Bloom if I am unable to attend my classes because I am suspended, I would like to leave."

"Will, wa-"

"Mrs. Bloom, I told you what happened. That was it. I'm going."

Before she could say anything else, her office door closed. She raced out of there, trying to catch Will before he left. "Will!"

Will stopped just outside the guidance office door. He turned around, his eyes angry. "I just want to help you..."

"Maybe I don't want your help. Maybe I just want to go back home."

"Will, I can't let you leave with your wound.."

"I'll get someone to fix it." He told her darkly, and finally left.

The administrator gave Alana a look of shock. She glared at her, and went back to her office. She grabbed the phone, and dialed a number into it. After 3 rings, the person picked up.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Graham. I was calling to inform you that your son is on his way home."

"I thought he was out of suspension?"

"No. I just needed to talk to him."

She heard Mr. Graham growl angrily, and frowned. "Alright." He told her.

"Also... Will has an open wound on his left leg, that looked to be stitched up, but wad bleeding when I saw it. Do you know where he could have possibly gotten it from? He ran out before I could inspect it further."

Mr. Graham was silent on the other end, and when he finally spoke, he had no emotion in his voice. "No, I'll talk to him about it. Thank you for calling me, Mrs. Bloom."

"You're most welcome, Mr. Graham." She hung up, and spun around in her chair, worrying her lip.

Will stood outside his apartment, contemplating going in or not. He raised his hand to turn the door knob, but then dropped it. He waked down the hall to apartment 30. He knocked on the door. He waited a few moments, hearing movement coming from behind it.

The door opened, and a slim blonde woman stood inside, wearing a pencil skirt, and blouse. Will noted her eyes were violet.

"You must be Will Graham." The woman said, not surprised.

"I'm assuming you're Bedelia." He replied, giving her a once over. He felt uncomfortable under her gaze, but not moving away.

"You would be correct."

"Is, uh, is Hannibal here?"

"Yes."

She did not move from the door, blocking his entry way. She just stood there, her violet eyes boring into his blue ones.

"Can I... May I see him?"

She thought for a moment. "First, why don't we talk? I would like to get to know you, since we may very well be spending the rest of eternity together." She smirked, sending chills down Will's spine, and not the good kind of chills.

She moved so he could come in, and he asked, "What do you mean?"

"If you receive the bite, we will be seeing a lot more of each other. Immortality lasts a long time, Will." She closed the door behind him, and lead him to the living room that he was in yesterday.

"You smell like you're bleeding."she sat down in the chair on the left. He sat in the chair he sat in the night before.

"I am."

"So you asked Hannibal to leave before he could repair your stitches, it that correct?"

"Yes."

"Look where that got you." She had a mug of something, and sipped it. Will had a feeling that blood was in the mug.

"I know." He said, quietly.

"Did you come here only to ask him to repair your stitches?"

Will shook his head.

"You see, he came here early this morning, looking quite distressed. I can't help but feel that if you go into his room, and ask him to repair you, only for you to hurt him again, then I would need to repair him."

Despite the spark of jealousy he felt when he understood what Bedelia was saying, he tried to defend himself. "He asked me to kill my father!"

"Will, this is our first time meeting. But from what Hannibal has told me, and from what you are telling me in just those seven words, you have fantasies of killing the beast... Is that correct?"

Will sputtered, "Wh-what? How? How do you know?"

"Some of us can read people very easily. You're defense, and your bleeding leg tell me that your father has hurt you. Multiple times."

Will's eyes darkened. He sighed, shakily. "Yes."

"You have images of him bleeding... Of you cutting his throat open, or strangling him..."

Will nodded.

"What I don't understand is why you kicked Hannibal out."

Will frowned. "Because his suggestion shouldn't have been suggested. He put voice to my thoughts. Not only that, but it is horrible to want to kill your own father..."

"Who finds it horrible, Will? Hannibal doesn't. He's encouraged you to do it. I do not find it horrible. The man would be getting exactly what he deserves."

"He's my flesh and blood..."

"Yes, but do flesh and blood hurt others of their kind?"

Will shook his head. He understood now.

"He isn't the only one is he? Theres more."

"Theres two more."

"Are they your bullies? Hannibal has mentioned that you were bullied at school."

"They are my bullies."

Bedelia smiled. "Tell me, Will... Does murder do justice to what they've done to you?"

Will looked at her straight in her violet eyes, and replied darkly, "Yes."

Bedelia opened her mouth slightly, tilting her head. "You've come to ask Hannibal for eternal life, haven't you?"

Will didn't answer.

She stood up, still carrying the mug of blood. "I will lead you to him."

Will also stood, and followed her. They entered a dark hallway, and Will noticed now that all the windows were covered with newspapers.

"He is in there." She pointed to the last door on the right, and Will nodded. "I do hope this is truly what you desire, Will." And she walked away, entering a different room.

He turned to the door, and breathed in shakily. He reached for the doorknob, twisting it carefully, hearing a click, and the door creaked open.

"Hannibal..." He whispered. It was dark, newspaper covered Hannibal's windows as well, blocking any light that could have come through.

"Hannibal?" He stated more loudly, hands reached for the bed. He crawled on to the bed slowly, feeling a lump under the blankets. Will chuckled. He placed a hand on the mans cold

skin, shaking him slightly. "Hanni- ah!"

An ice cold hand grabbed his wrist, yanking him down onto the vampires chest. Will blushed, and searched for Hannibal's eyes in the darkness, finding them staring back at him.

"Will," he whispered, running a cold thumb along Will's warm wrist, "what brings you here?"

Will swallowed. "Two things... One, you forgot to check the stitches this morning."

"I apologize, Will. Though on my behalf, I was asked to leave before I could. I can smell now that you are bleeding."

Will wanted to argue, but bit his tongue. "I know. I am." He inched closer to Hannibal's face, eyes averting from eyes to lips. "I forgive you. Do you forgive me?"

Hannibal licked his lips, and nodded. "I do, William."

Hannibal closed the distance between them. It started out as an innocent chaste kiss, but morphed into an open mouthed kiss, with just a little bit of tonguing from Will's part. They were now battling for dominance, Will's control slipping away, and Hannibal had won. Soon their positions were switched, and Hannibal was looming over Will, hands on either side of his head.

Will moaned, and parted his lips away from Hannibal's, panting. "Second... I want the bite."

Hannibal growled, and thrust his hips down against Will's. "Are you certain? As you've stated before, you've only known me for a short period of time."

Will groaned at the friction, and nodded. "Yes, please Hannibal. I want it. I want to be able to be with you for forever. The cost is worth it."

Hannibal felt his fangs emerge from his gums, and grinned. Hannibal's pupils were blown wide, and his eyes were almost glowing. "After I bite you, you will feel an extraordinary pain, but it will soon fade. Your wounds will disappear. You will no longer age, and you will have high speed and strength. But you must feed..."

Will breathed out, turning his head so his neck was exposed. "Will my heart still beat?"

Hannibal pressed his lips against Will's throat, and sighed, lightly kissing it. "No." And he bit down.

Just as Hannibal had said, Will felt an extraordinary amount of pain, screamed, and then faded to darkness.

It was around 9:00 pm when Mr. Graham heard his front door open and close. He growled angrily, using his wrist to put out his cigarette. He stood and entered the kitchen to where Will was. "Hey, fag!" His father called out to him. Will was halfway to his room, but stopped short, and turned.

"I got a call from Mrs. Bloom. Fourteen hours ago, saying you were on your way home. Where the fuck have you been?"

Will didn't answer, just glared at his father.

"She also told me you were bleeding on your leg," he moved towards Will, crouching down slightly to be at his height, "Didn't I tell you not to limp?"

"You did, sir." Will replied smartly.

"Don't use that smart ass language with me, bitch." He took a fistful of Will's shirt, and pushed him against the wall. "They probably suspect me now. And thats not good, is it?"

He let go of Will's shirt, and brought a fist back, going to punch him. "Will, I'm going to have to teach you a lesson on this sort of shit."

He threw the first punch- or so he thought he did. He was surprised to see that Will had caught his fist a few centimeters before it hit his right cheek. Will pushed against his fist, bending it backwards. Mr. Graham pulled it away from the boy, angry.

"What the fuck, Will?" He asked in a mix of shock and fury. This wasn't like Will to fight back. Will was supposed to take it, was supposed to let it happen, then cry about it after. This wasn't what was supposed to happen.

"I should be asking you that, dad." Will told him, tilting his chin up as if he were in charge.

His father growled, and jabbed a finger in his chest. "You listen to me boy, and you listen good. I don't take attitude to kindly, unless you're asking for a smack in the face, then I'd be happy to oblige."

He raised his fist again, only to be pushed away by his son. Mr. Graham frowned, what the hell was this sudden change in his son?

"Dad, I'm gonna ask you once. Please, will you not hurt ms e anymore?" Will asked, his voice strangled.

"If I don't hurt you, how're you gonna learn your lesson?"

Something in his son's eyes changed, and they went from a blue, to a glowing icy blue. Mr. Graham frowned, what the fuck?

"Will, what the hell is with your eyes?" He leaned in to get a closer look, but Will pushed him back, hard, and he landed against the door to the fridge.

"Stay away from me." Will said in a monotone voice, and turned to head for his room.

Mr. Graham wasn't gonna take any of that shit today.

"Will, get your goddamn ass over here now." Will didn't listen. "Will, I swear to god I'll go over to you and beat you till your bloody and whimpering." Will still didn't obey. His father

did as he said he would do, and went over to his son. He grabbed Will's shoulder roughly, and pushed him into the wall.

Will groaned, and rubbed his shoulder. He squeezed his eyes shut, breathing roughly. Mr. Graham had an angry look in his eye. His son had never acted this way before, and this will damn well be the last time he does.

"I'll make you pay for today. I'll make you hurt so bad that you never think of giving me attitude again." He squeezed Will's shoulder tightly, feeling some bones crack from the pressure.

Will chuckled, and kicked his father in the shin, sending him back a few feet. While his father was nursing his, now bruising shin, Will quickly maneuvered his way around his father, grabbing the mans throat from behind.

"I wish I didn't have to do this..." Will whispered in his fathers ear, sounding somewhat regretful, "But flesh and blood don't hurt their own kind..."

Will's fingers tightened around Mr. Grahams throat, choking the life out of him, strangling him. Mr. Graham was struggling, panic shooting down his spine. How could Will do this? They were family!

"W-Will stop! Stop! Will, p-please! We're f-family!" He struggled with words, Will tightening his grip more.

"You're such a fucking hypocrite." He told the man, chuckling at how idiotic this was. "Families don't hurt each other. Fathers don't "teach their kids a lesson by making them bleed" as you put it! They're supposed to love each other, and take care of each other! Mom wouldn't have wanted this!" His hands were getting even tighter, until finally he twisted his hands to the right, hearing a loud snap.

Mr. Graham fell to the ground, a sigh escaping him. Will watched in shock as the life slowly drained from the man who was once a loving father to him. Tears welled up in his eyes, and he crouched down so he could look in his fathers eyes, saying a few last words before he died.

"We stopped being a family the day mom died..." His father looked at him with pure regret, until finally he rested his head on the floor, the life leaving his eyes.

Will was on his knees, just looking at the corpse that used to contain Mr. Graham. His father had been a corpse for a long time. Will couldn't help but feel he'd given his father a calm. As much as Will held a grudge for the man, he also understood that he was going through pain as well.

He should have used a better tactic than hurting Will.

He heard his bedroom door open, and close, and out came Hannibal, dressed in a 3 piece suit, and a red tie. He looked down at the corpse, and back at Will. "Are you going to drain him?"

Will looked up to him with watery icy eyes. "No. Not him. It was a surprise I did just this, after I said I wouldn't."

"I told you you would."

"I did."

They stared at each other for a few moments, than Hannibal asked, "What do you plan to do with him?"

"I want to bury him."

Hannibal gave him a disapproving look, but didn't say anything. This kill was Will's, so Will got to choose what happened to it. Hannibal bent down, and picked up the body. He was already losing his warmth. He looked at Will, and said "I know of a place we can dispose of him."

Will nodded, but said, "Please don't word it like that."

"What do you mean, Will?"

"You talk about him like he is a piece of garbage..."

"To be fair, Will, he was the cause of your pain for four years."

"Yeah, but he's still my dad."

Hannibal didn't say anything, just nodded. He was about to leave with the body, when Will said, "Hey!"

Hannibal stopped.

"What about anyone seeing him?"

"Will, we both are able to run faster than sixty miles per hour. No one will see us." He smiled, then opened the door, and jumped off of the railing on the side. Will followed, and soon they were running through the woods together, Will trying to catch up to Hannibal as best as he could.

Being a vampire was very different. He had already killed someone (his father for god sakes), and had a blood lust that hungered him to no end. But he had to hold out though. He had to save it for two special people.

Hannibal suddenly stopped, and dropped the body. Will stopped too, just in time to see Hannibal cleaning his fathers neck with a handkerchief. Then he proceeded to remove the mans clothing, and Will furrowed his brow. "What are you doing?"

"All precautions must be taken, Will. We wouldn't want them to catch us."

"What?"

"The police, Will. Our finger prints are on these clothes, and his neck. We must remove the clothing, and be sure not to touch any part of him." He was now removing his fathers underwear, and ok, Will didn't need to see that.

Will suddenly felt bad. Earlier after he was bitten, Hannibal had told him not to feel bad for any victim, but this was his father.... He was suddenly hit with memories of them walking their old dogs, and them staring at boats.

'Think of everything he's done to you...' Will thought. 'He wasn't the same person he used to be...' Will shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He was to not have any emotion right now.

Hannibal picked up every article of clothing, gathering it in his arms. He gave Will a smirk. "Ready?"

Will nodded.

Will watched Gideon from afar, who was eating nacho's and watching something on TV. He saw that Hobbs was also there, laughing at whatever just happened on the screen.

Will frowned. They had such good lives. Even after being suspended, they were still able to have each other over. Will never got that, even when his mother was alive. He'd always been grounded, or in recent years, beaten. No, he'd never been suspended before, but he'd been in trouble before.

His bloodlust was running high. He'd held himself back from his father, but now that his prey was in view, he was barely able to hold back.

"Are you feeling a craving for blood, yet, Will?" Hannibal asked him, smirking at the boy.

Will nodded, and growled, "Yes."

Hannibal sat back, and said, "Go on, then. Get your vengeance." He watched as the words quickly processed through Will's brain. He saw Will's ice colored eyes glow, and he ran.

"I wonder if he'll remember to be invited in..." Hannibal mused, watching Will running at high speed to the door. "Not that it really matters, its just common curtesy."

Will ran and pounded on the door. He felt so much hunger, craved the red liquid that ran through human veins. He heard one of the two get up off of the couch, muttering, "Who the hell could that be?" Will loved his ears. He could hear everything so clearly. Hell, all of his senses were clear, and he loved it.

The door opened, and Hobbs stood brow furrowing. "Graham? What are- ah!" Will grabbed him by his shirt collar, and threw him down, sending him down off of the small porch.

He didn't even give Hobbs enough time to move, just pounced on his. He raked his hands down the other boys throat, speaking in a voice he didn't even recognize. "This is for fucking with me for so many years, you piece of shit." He then bared his fangs, and bit down on

Hobb's throat. Hobbs cried out, struggling against Will. Will clenched his jaw shut, meeting both sets of teeth together, and ripping out the skin of Hobb's throat.

The blood was so good. It was like sweet nectar that one could only savor. Will moaned at the taste, wanting more, wanting the hunger to be calmed.

Hannibal watched in awe as Will killed his second victim of the night, this time properly. Hannibal couldn't help the sudden heat that shot down his spine. He shivered in delight, watching everything unfold before him.

Soon Gideon ran out of his house to see what was going on, and screamed loudly. Will, surprisingly heard this, and looked up, blood covering his face. He then glared at Gideon, standing up. Gideon turned, and started running, but Will was much faster. He caught Gideon, and pulled him to the ground, and straddling him. He covered Gideon's mouth as the boy tried to scream.

Will bit the boys jugular, causing him to bleed out in tremendous amounts. Will then proceeded to drink from him, the hunger finally starting to calm down.

This... This was what he was meant for. This was what he was meant to be. He was meant to be a creature of the night, with Hannibal at his side. He moaned, and drained Gideon dry.

He pulled back from the other boy, looking at the mess he caused. There were two dead bodies, and there was a high chance if a guardian was here, they would be coming out shortly to inspect what had happened.

He stood, legs wobbling a bit, and raced to Hannibal. He didn't run as fast as he could have, feeling warm and sated from his feeding.

As soon as he got to the other man, he was caught in a kiss. Will moaned in appreciation, responding eagerly.

Hannibal pulled back, panting. "Do you understand what you do to me, Will? Do you even know..."

Will silenced the man with another kiss. "I do now..."

As much as both of then wanted to continue kissing, they knew they had to get out of there. They didn't have time to get the bodies, they could both hear someone moving inside, towards the door.

That was when Hannibal decided to pick him up bridal style, and run with him in his arms. Will sighed, and put his head on the mans chest. It was funny how just a few days could change your life forever...

Epilogue

"There were two students murdered on the Hobbs' property last night. If we could take a moment of silence for Garrett Jacob Hobbs, and Abel Gideon as we mourn these two students. "

There was a moment of silence.

"If we could also take notice of the missing reports of William Graham. Lets hope they find him soon." The students attending the assembly sat through a little more of Mr. Crawfords speech, and Alana sat back with an upset look on her face.

They wouldn't mention it, but there was another body found in the woods. It belonged to Will's father, and Will was missing. Alana tried to do the math, but didn't want to see the outcome, knowing of only two that could be rational.

The first one, Will's father was killed by the serial killer, and Will had been taken.

The second one, Will murdered his father, and ran out if town before he would get caught.

Will might have also killed Garrett, and Abel.... They both had bullied him, and Will hated both of them, and he had told Alana repeatedly.

Alana sighed, feeling more upset. How could Will do this? What had caused him to do this?

Where was Will Graham now?

End Notes

Should I add a sequel? Do you want one? Was this even good? Did anyone even read this? Guys, I'm very insecure about this story, please be nice. I'm sorry for the rushed ending, it wasn't my best work. Reveiws are nice :) (sorry if it was bad)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!